Che Finding of "Zach."

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF DARKY LIFE

By Paul Laurence Dunbar, the Famous Negro Poet and Author.



HE rooms of the "Banner" Club-an organization of social intent, but with political streaks-were a blaze of light that Christmas Eve night. On the lower floor some one was strumming on the plane, and upstairs, where the "ladies" sat, and where the Sunday smokers were held, a man was singing one of the latest coon songs. The "Banner" always got them first, mainly because the composers went there, and often the air of the piece itself had been picked out or patched together, with the help of the "Banner's" plano, before the song was taken out for somebody to

set the "'companiment" to it.

The proprietor himself had just gone into the parlor o see that the Christmas decorations were all that he intended them to be when a door opened and an old man entered the room. In one hand he carried an incient carpetbag, which he deposited on the floor, while he stared around at the grandeur of the place. He was a typical old uncle of the South, from the soles of his heavy brogans to the shiny top of his bald pate, with its fringe of white wool. It was plain to be seen that he was not a dealizen of the town, or of that par-ticular quarter. They do not grow old in the Tenderloin. He paused long enough to take in the appointments of the place, then, suddenly remembering his manners, he doffed his hat and bowed with old-fash-

loned courtesy to the splendid proprietor.
"Why, how'do, uncie!" said the genial Mr. Turcer,
extending his hand. "Where did you stray from?" 'Howdy, son, howdy," returned the old man gravely. "I hails f'om Miss'ippl myse'f, a mighty long ways f'om

lak die down ouah way,

folks. We wo'ks out in de

knows-fiel', chu'ch an' cab-

Zach gittin' up in de worl. han' fu' wo'k. Hit kin' o'

en augmented by a party

and they were listening in-chatter. They felt now that

careless faces was not from

at them, and then remarked:

here," answered Turner seri-

just dropped in to see their

rappin' in presently. You

bout him, but I's mighty him. I's been gittin on

yeahs, an' my ol' coman

kin' o' lonesome, so I jes' de gif' of a sight o' Zach.

man ez ol' ez me to be a

spen'in' money dis away,

git Zach home.

em," said Mr. Turner.

"I hails f'om Miss'ippi my-hyeah." self, a mighty long ways f'om His voice and old-time intonation were good to listen to, and Mr. Turner's thoughts went back to an earlier hyeah." day in his own life. He was from Maryland himself. He drew up a chair for the old man and took one himself. A few other men passed into the room and stopped to look with respectful amusement at the visitor. He was such a perfect bit of old plantation life and so obviously out of place in a Tenderioin

"Well, uncle, are you looking for a place to stay?" pursued Turner, "Not 'zackiy, honey; not 'zackiy. I come up hyeah a-lookin'fu' a son o' mine dat been away f'om home nigh ou to five years. He live hyeah in Noo Yo'k, an' dey teil me whalh I 'quiahed dat I li'ble to fin' somebody hyeah dat know him. So I jes'

I know a good many young men from the South. What's your son's name?" "Well, he named aftah my ol' mastah, Zachariah Priestley Shackelford."

"Zach Shackelford!" exclaimed some of the men, and there was a general movement among them, but a giance from Turner quieted the commotion.
"Why, yes, I know your son," he said. "He's in here almost every night, and he's

pretty sure to drop in a little later on. He has been singing with one of the colored apanies here until a couple of weeks ago."
"Helsh up; you don't say so. Well! well! well! but den Zachariah allus did have a

mighty sweet voice. He tu'k hit aftah his mammy. Well, I sholy is hopin' to see dat boy. He was allus my favorite, aldough I reckon a body ain' got no livin' right to have favorites among dey chilluns. But Zach was allus sich a good boy."

The men turned away. They could not remember a time since they had known Zach Shackelford when by any stretch of imagination he could possibly have been considered good. He was known as one of the wildest young bucks that frequented the club, with a deft hand at cards and dice and a smooth throat for whiskey. But Turner gave them such a deflant glance that they were almost ready to subscaribe to anything the old man might say.

"Dis is a mighty fine place you got hyeah. Hit mus' be a kind of a hotel or boa'din'

"Yes, something like." "We don' have nuffln Co'se we's jes' common fiel', and dat's about all we But I's mighty glad my He nevah were no great seemed to go agin his natur.

"Lots of 'em, lots of The crowd of men had from out of the card room, tently to the old fellow's they ought to laugh, but and the twitching of their suppressed merriment.

The visitor looked around "My, what a lot of boa'dahs "They don't all stay

ously: "some of them have "Den I 'low Zach'll be

mus' 'scuse me fu' talkin' anxious to clap my eyes on right sma't dese las' two she daid an' gone, an' I p'omised mys'f dis Crismus Hit do look foolish fu' a 'roun de worl' a but hit do seem so ha'd to L

"How long are you going "if you make a break whileto be with us?" "Well, I 'specs to stay he's here, I'll spoil your mug'ill o' Crismus week."

for you." tleman is my guest. Uncle," interrupted him. "This genturning to the old man, "do you ever-would you-er. I've got some pretty good liquor

Zach's father smiled a sly smile. "I do' know, suh," he said, crossing his leg high. "I's Baptis' mys'f, but 'long o' dese Crismus holidays I's right fond o' a little toddy."

A half dozen eager men made a break for the bar, but Turner's uplifted hand held them. He was an autocrat in his way,

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said, "but I think I remarked some time ago that Mr. Shackelford was my guest." And he called the waiter.

Ail the men had something and tapped rims with the visitor.

'Pears to me you people is mighty clevah up hyeah; 'tain no wondah Zachariah

Just then they heard a loud whoop outside the door, and a voice broke in upon them singing thickly, "Oh, this spo'tin' life is surely killin' me." The men exchanged staitled glances. Turner looked at them, and there was a command in his eye. Several of them hurried out, and he himself arose, saying: "I've got to go out for a little while, but you just make yourself at home, uncle. You can lie down right there on that sofa and push that button there-see, this way-if you want some more toddy. It shan't cost

"Oh, I'll res' myself, but I nin' gwine sponge on you dat away. I got some morey." and the old man dug down into his long pocket. But his host laid a hand on his arm. "Your money's no good up here."

"Wh-wh-why, I thought dis money passed any whah in de United States!" exclaimed the bewildered old man.

"That's all right, but you can't spend it until we run out."

"Oh! Why, biess yo' soul, soe, you sheered me. You sho' is clevah."

Turner went out and came upon his emissaries, where they had halted the singing Each in the hallway, and were trying to get into his muddled brain that his father

"Wha'sh de ol' man doin' at de 'Banner,' gittin' gay in his ol' days? Hic."

That was enough for Turner to hear. "Look a-here, he said, "Don't you get flip when you meet your father. He's come a long ways to see you, and I'm damned if he shan't see you right. Remember you're stoppin' at my house as long as the old man stays, and if you make a break while he's here I'll spoil your mug for you. Bring him along, boys."

Zach had started in for a Christmas celebration, but they took him into an empty room. They sent to the drug store and bought many things. When the young man came out an hour later he was straight, but sad. "Why, Pap," he said when he saw the old map. "I'll

"Hem!" said Turner.
"Til be blessed!" Zach finished.

The old man looked him over, "Tach! tsch! tsch! Dis is a Crismus gif' fu' sho'!" His voice was shaking. "I's so glad to see you, honey; but chile, you smell lak a 'pothac'ay shop.'

"I sin't been well lately," said Zach sheepishly.

To cover his confusion Turner called for egg nog.

When it came the old man said: "Well, I's Baptis" myse'f, but seein' it's Orismus'-

Paul Laurence Dunbar, the writer of the foregoing

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

remarkable Christmas tale, is a young negro whos literary and poetic genius was first brought to public notice by William D. Howells. Several years ago he The old man looked him over. was employed as an elevator boy in a hotel at Dayton, Ohio. While there he wrote a number of poems in "Tech! tsch! tsch! Dis is a negro dialect, which have since been pronounced C'rismus gif' fu' sho'! the most characteristic revelations of darky life and

character that have ever been published. Coming to New York, he wrote a collection of sketches of darky life in the Tenderioin. These were published in the Sanday Journal, and later in book form. His latest book is "The Uncalled," published by

Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mr. Dunbur is at present an assistant librarian in the Congressional Library at ashington, where his taste for literary work and research in the literature of the

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ERE is the solution of one of the most vexatious problems of the day—the servant question. There are thousands of servants, both male and iemale, to be had, but how is the employer to know which one to choose and which to refuse when there are a dozen or two applicants? M. Ledos, a French scientist, says that the question may be answered and much trouble averted if the employer will but make a study of physiognomy. M. Ledos gives half a dozen types of good and bad female servants, and as many more of male servants, in each case pointing out their good and bad qualities, based on the study of their physiognomy. His conclusions are as follows:

HOW TO SELECT A GOOD SERVANT.



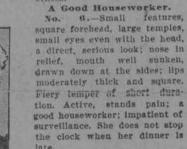
A Good Chambermaid. No. 1 .- Common type, large, round features. Eyebrows brown, eyes brown and bright; gayety, amiability, tender heart. ose softly moulded, sloping at bridge, end large, round, turned up; lacks will, complaisant, improvable. Character pllant; expansive, without reserve; fond of confidences; hard to keep a secret. Sensitive to reproaches, auxious to serve employers.

A Good Nurse. No. 2 .- Forehead flat, projecting at the temples; little intelligence, practical instinct, persevering. Eyes slightly sunken, with little fixity; melancholia, timidity, fidelity. Mouth sensual, devoted, loving and patient. Sober, not active, endures pain, conscientious. Parsimonious for herself, she deprives herself for those she loves. Adores children. A good nurse. Fidelity of a dog. A Good Cook.

3.-Forehead square, projecting unevenly; prudence, reflection. Eyebrows thick, slightly arched; eyes sunken, moderately open, glance uncertain; pensive, concentrated, scrupulous, defiant. Nose strong, large, firm; will, perseverance. Mouth small unyielding, thin lips; taciturnity, coldness, hard working, Melan-cholic. Inclined to mysticism. A good cook.
A Good Housekeeper.

No. 4 .- Large features, very expressive, firm gaze, authoritative, observing; nose fleshy, firmly moulded; lips full and firm. Reason, good sense, prudence; predominance of the bend; calculation and reflection. She understands nothing of sentiment. Stands for her rights. Skill in material affairs, with administrative instinct. More inclined to command than to obey. A Good Governess.

No. 5.-Large, arched fore-head, temples showing prominently; eyebrows alightly arched; small eyes, gaze cold and sure; large nose, pointed at the end; mouth half open, lips round. Fanciful, irregular. Moved by impulse, which she does not follow. Timidity. with audacious impulses. Good heart, but brusque. Devoted tears her apron in spite and mends it sheepishly. Good gov-



A Good Butler. No. 7.-Pronounced features; bony forehead, eyebrows thick in the centre, thin on ends: eyes small, slightly open, cold and malignant; mouth fleshy, turned up at the corners; nose short, firmly moulded, broad and square at the end; head sunken between the large shoulders. Taciturn, speaks only when necessary. Prone to anger, but restrains it. Jealous of his rights. Intelli-gent, exact. Good butler.

A Good Janitor. S.-Forehead bony, lumpy, large at the temples; eyes deep; eyebrows forming decided arches; nose strongly moulded, bent; mouth arched, drawn down at the corners. Good janitor, a watchdog, Honest, though avarielous. A worker. Courageons and cool and proud. Quarrels with the tradesmen if they make any noise, come late or leave tracks on the floor.

A Good Cook. No. 9.-Forehead broad, fleshy, pronounced at the eyebrow muscle; eyes open, live looking; nose large, broad and curved; heavy mustaches, cov-ering half of a mouth with thick, rounded, fleshy lips, Intelligent, serious, doesn't care to be disturbed. Fits of melancholy and Ill-humor; also has fits of gayety; sings while she

A Good Valet. No. 10.—Forehead broad and high; eyebrows thick and regu-lar; gaze quiet and kindly; nose moderately curved, large and extended; mouth with strong lips well shaven. A good valet. Even tempered, pleasant and serious; though sociable, he only speaks measuredly; endowed with good sense, prudent and discreet; cleanly, careful, exact and conscientious; submissive.

A Good Coachman. No. 11 .- Forehead oval and convex. Eyes lively and deepset; gaze quiet; nose long, bony and arched, coming to a point; mouth full, lower lip thick and protruding. Takes the initiative, prompt to act. More skilful than strong. A good conchman, vigilant, pru-dent, watchful, a firm hand, competent. Does not try to per-suade his master that his horses are foundered when be does not feel like going out.

A Good Man Servant. No. 12 .- Fine and abundant brows bair. Forehead convex; tem; flat. Eyebrows brown and slightly shrivelled; eyes black, deep-set and melancholy. Nose strong and full. Apparently cold; heart sensi-Apparently cold; heart sensitive and attached. Timid; easily troubled at the thought that perhaps he will be blamed when not at fault. Exact and conscientious in his work. A good man servant, He will not drink his master's brandy or smoke his cigars,

A Bad Chambermaid. Squat features, strongly pro nounced; forehead flat, broad at the base, eyebrows thick and black; eyes black, troubled and glittering at times, upper eyelld hidden; mouth projecting, llps pressed together, drooping at the corners. Hard, heartless, obstinate, sullen, mallgnant. She would poison her

mistress for revenge. In the

country takes the part of socceress, trying to kill the cattle.

A Bad Nurse. Oblong type of face; pointed forehead, gray eyes deeply sunken, shifting glance; melancholy, mournful mouth; lips round and strong. Unhappy nature, fanciful, melancholy; jealous; if unhappy in affections, inclined to suicide. Negligent in her work, not from incapacity or III will, but from absorption in her reverles; may make mistakes harmful to the health of children.

A Bad Cooks A Simian type as a whole. Black hair and thick, convex forehead; thick black eyebrows, lowering over black, brilliant eyes, plercing like a gimlet. Nose small, thin; retrousse; mouth small, smiling often. Vain, coquette, sly, simpering, artificial, romantic; seductive, though ugly. Very poor cook. Makes trouble in the household. Pretends to commit suicide.

A Poor Housekeeper. Forehead large at the temples and projecting, yellowish eyes; gaze sharp, hard, fixed; nose blunt; mouth close and grimacing; lips thin and pointed. An intelligent servant, No repugnance to work, but capricious. Spiteful, insolent, coarse, prone to oaths; boldly untruthful; dangerous when made angry. Aggressive. Tries to get the upper hand of her mistress. Steals, stubborn.

A Poor Governess. High, broad forehead, convex; brilliant eyes, with a strange, unquiet, lost look; mouth an inverted arch; lips badly formed, moving slightly. Unpoised, occupied with strange ideas, as if in a somnambu-listic state. Incapable of doing her work, but attached to persons and places. Refuses to be dismissed. Fits of mysticism when she thinks that she is in communication with the saints and angels.

A Poor Houseworker. Broad forehead, spreading at base; raised eyebrows, unequally marked; small, blinking eyes, slightly open; nose sharp and awry; cheek bones prominent; mouth thin, straight and pouting; chin bony. Lazy, repulsively dirty; never sweeps under the furniture. Hypocritical, pretending to be religious and devout. The tongue of a viper. She drinks and pretends to be sober. Good for nothing but jail.

A Bad Butler. Forehead fleshy, wrinkled, frowning; temples projecting; twisted and shrivelled eyebrows; eyes sunken, looking obliquely; nose large, drooping at the end; lower lip large, protruding. Dirty, inexact, insolent, stubborn, awkward; bad bedfellow; drunken, surly and wicked. Dangerous when angry. Clings to his place, going away only after making such a row that the police have to be called in.

A Bad Janitor. Whiskers on his cheeks, Forehead broad and wrinkled. Eyes small, slightly open, pert; eye-lids round and thick; nose long, badly bent; mouth large, always smiling; lips fleshy, the lower one larger and protruding. Good tempered, accepting reproof with dog-like submission, but incapable of amend-ment. Indolent, unconscien-tious. A loiterer, jolly in his cups, always running to the

A Bad Cook. Physiognomy of a murderer; forehead low, square, straight; eyebrows twisted and shriveiled, lowering over deep-sunk-en eyes, which look down all the time; nose short, coarsely molded, very flat on the end. Mouth close and drooping at the corners. Tacitura, intensely bestlai. Wickedly surly and feroclous. Heart of stone. Wrangling while he plays with a knife. Gluttonous.

A Bad Valet. Gross, sharply defined features. Forehead bulging and convex. Eyebrows twisted. drawn down over eyes that look out of the corners. Nose short, broad and square; mouth tightly closed; lips thin and flat. Taciturn, melancholy, grumbling and deflant. Jealous, envious; uneasy and suspiclous. A cheat and schemer Bestial, A gambler, thief and greedy usurer.

A Poor Coachman. Thin, long face; forehead prominent at the top; eyebrows horizontal and shrivelled; eyes dry and deep-set, shining, look of assurance; nose prominent, sharply pointnose prominent, sharply pointed, spreading nostrils; mouth tight closed, drooping and wrinkled at the corners. Incapable of care or attention. Rebellious, regarding service as the worst of evils; hates his master. Fits of furious rage, with homicidal tendency.

A Bad Man Servant. Black hair, well combed; bulg-ing forehead; thick, uneven eyebrows; mawkish, shifty gaze; large, curved nose; mouth always smiling; prominent lips; hips broad. Skilful comedian, playing the role of an excellent valet; submissive, obliging, most respectful, honey-sweet, but with a vile soul, full of cunning. A hypocrite with a hard heart. He masks himself in plety. Spies upon his mag-ter, reads his letters.









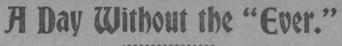












A TRANSATLANTIC FARCE.

CHARACTERS. HE (a Bachelor Confirmed). SHE (a Bachelor Maid).

Scene: Promenade Deck of the SS. Platonic. HE and SHE seated tele-a-tete, swathed up to the chin in rugs.

E-So you still adhere to your extraordinary views of matrimony? SHE-That's putting it too mildly. I got past the point of adhesion long ago. It's a matter

of absorption now. HE-Ah! I see. You've ceased to be a barnacle you've become a sponge. Isn't that a backward step in the process of evolution? SHE-Indeed it isn't! A barnacie may be shaken from what it adheres to, but a sponge retains what it

absorbs. HE-Until some ruthless hand squeezes it dry. SHE-Let's not talk in metaphors. Figures speech will lie the same as any other figures. Let's

HE-What facts? SHE-Matrimonial facts, I suppose. That's what we

HE (hesitatingly)-Isn't it a rather dangerous sub

SHE-It might be for two silly young things who "You were strolling through couldn't speak of it without losing their heads; but we the garden." are too good friends for that. HE-Very well, since we are so well insured against the loss of heads, hands and hearts we will proceed. Do you still call marriage a

SHE-I (positively) call it suicide. HE-Whew! That's-er-more advanced, I suppose. May I ask how you arrived

at that conclusion? SHE-How does anybody arrive at a conclusion?

HE-Woman, lovely woman, usually jumps at it. SHE-Not a woman with any reasoning power. That conclusion is purely logical. One girl throws herself into the Seine or the Thames and thereby loses her life, her identity, her individuality; another leaps into matrimony with the same result. Why not call it by the same name?

HE-Why not, and yet why?

SHE-Because-if-people could see it as it really is they would shun it.

HE-But suicides are increasing at a more alarming rate than marriages.

SHE-I know it, and I think it's perfectly sinful for us to allow such things to go on day after day and not so much as lift a finger to prevent them!

HE-We are certainly setting a good example to both classes of misguided mortals.

SHE-But example wont save them. HE-Oh, well, if people want to throw themselves into the Seine, Thames or matri-

mony it's their own funeral or wedding, as the case may be. There's no reason why we should bother our brains about it.

SHE (confidently)—It's all very well for you to talk like that, because you're a man, and people take it for granted that you haven't married because you don't care to. But if you were a woman you couldn't make anybody believe you'd remained single from

choice. If a woman isn't married by the time she's thirty the whole world infers it's because nobody has asked her. HE-Then you propose to set yourself right by proving the rest of the world wrong, by do you take the trouble? Why not defy Why do you take the opinion, as 1 do?

SHE-Because I'm not a HE-Then let a man do broadcast that I have sought condemned to a lone life of

SHE-Would you do so HE-I would for a friend, SHE-But I could not HE-It would be no sacri-

would be to me to place relentless matchmakers! SHE-My conscience you place yourself in such HE-Why not make my I'm not going to bore you proposition. The announce-would clear the social at-But since your scruples will matter on trust I shall asyou must, for the moment, be a prey to your consum-terward. I shall be your

fashion. SHE (shyly)-How does know the most approved HE-From Cupid's fash-I must begin: "When first

> out of fashion long ago. ber when hist you gas

HE-I can't? Then listen. It was on a Summer's evening; you were strolling in

HE-Never mind how I got it. The thing for you to remember is that I've kept th

took from your hair the night of the Dudley ball. SHE (dropping her eyes)-We were very silly then-bub-very happy.

that I had never been asked at all.

HE—Then I shall deliver my proposal as I always thought I should if I were given the chance—straight from the shoulder. Mary, I love you, will you be my wife?

SHE (with a little shiver)—I think I'm growing cold. I—I must go inside.

HE—Of course, you're growing cold. It's the proper temperature for a refusal,

But you can't go till you've given me my snewer. Will

'Yes." (Takes her band.) SHE-Please let me go; I'm tired of jesting. (Attempts to rise, but sinks back, murmuring.) I am so

HB-Your answer will set you free. SHB-What is the most approved fashion for a-a-

appy ever after.

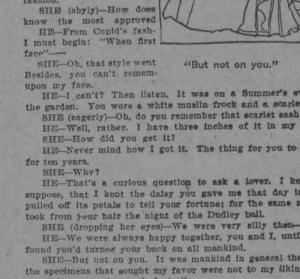
SHE—But that isn't what you expect of me? HE—That's where you make your mistake. That is exactly what I do expect of you.

vant you all for my own, SHE-Just for a day-not for ever?

for me to marry. HE-Nonsense! It would be the logical conclusion

of the whole matter. "The daisy you gave me in SHE-No, no! I cannot do it. This began only in the meadow."

SHE-No, no! I cannot do it. This began only in the meadow."











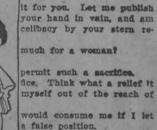










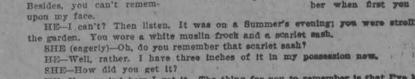


would consume me if I let

a false position.
position true? Don't start. with a proposal-merely a ment of your rejection mosphere for each of us. not permit you to take the sume the role of lover, and look at me in that light or ing conscience for ever af-lover, not " for ever and a out the ever," and shall

your bachelorship happen to fashion in love making? ion book—the novel. I know

after the most approved

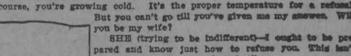


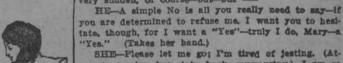
HE—That's a curious question to ask a lover. I kept it for the same reason, X suppose, that I kept the daily you gave me that day in the meadow after you had pulled off its petals to tell your fortune; for the same reason that I kept the more I

HE-We were always happy together, you and I, until I came back from India and SHE-But not on you. It was mankind in general that disgusted me. And been the specimens that sought my favor were not to my liking, society must pass sentence

HE—Then I must hasten my proposal and set society right. I would like to do it properly, you know, on bended knee, with my hand on my heart, and all that, but the deck's too slippery, and I'm getting too old to kneel gracefully. Besides, we're bound up in these rugs like two mummies, so I'll have to leave all that to your imagination.

SHE—I think we can dispense with the stage setting.





HE-I know of no fashion of refusal that I would approve of. The proper thing is to say "Yes," and be

SHE-Don't talk so-the-the jest-hurts me. I"-HE-Dear, I am not jesting. I love you truly. I

HE-Name the day, and I'll risk the ever. SHE-But think of all the dreadful things I've said bout marriage. It would be ridiculously inconsistent

the meadow."

Jest. We were not in earnest. (Trying to rise.) Let me go in.

HE—It was only you that played in jest. My earnestness dates back years ago; my love has waited so long for this opportunity. And dear, you—don't you love me just a little?

SHE (hesitatingly)—Ye-c-s.

HE—And wouldn't you like—"to commit suicide" with me? I'll show you, dear, how sweet a life such death would be,

SHE—I know. I know.

HE—And you will be mine?

SHE—Yes. But (as he tries to take her in his arms) wait. I'm true to my choose still, for tired of life—this single life—I'm going to commit matrimonial suicide (Curtain.)